Baker's Dozen

35¢

typos © the poet

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artie Gold

Thirteen

Thirteen floors to the dollhouse of the mice
thirteen mice writhing on the floors
thirteen mice standing in the
hallways, watching
thirteen years when I felt the hard bosom of Francis S.
thirteen blocks from my house that park where I stabbed
 the hard hot upthrust palms of my hands
  their butts, into her hard brassiered chest
thirteen the year I was not bar mitzvahed
 thirteen inches long, a line of all my teeth that itched set
  back to back against my itching palms against my itching penis
thirteen fucks at the funeral of my childhood on the cold steps
 of a southshore hospital
thirteen teeth on one side of my zipper
twelve teeth on the other
as many inches as it was then
parting one side from the other
leering out into the mouth of her, 36 years old
 in a black bra
like a new banana
gone to the forest of the rivers to the sea
thirteen cents the busfare
I ride home my grin the thirteenth storey of the bus I ride home o
thirteen the extra one thrown in by the baker.
thirteen, the one not of the dozen ever.
I, that thirteenth.

(with apologies to Ginsberg.

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artie gold

letters from home said girls
were throwing themselves off cliffs(no fathers)

a Montreal trick to secure alimoney(no cliffs)
anyhow, I don't open my mail these days.

the slugs have overgrown my last address
the hornets have grown lazy and fall asleep
in an old tin can.

Outside my Big Sur shack an old fat ½-sheepdog
listens to the suck of the ocean a thousand

feet below the dirt road to the currants.red, green
black and unbelievably sweet, I wander through the low

bushes, picking them, reciting han shan.Somewheres
far off a schoolbus coughs and whines, will not be fixed

the nearest neighbors five mile down the road
an old general store serves me as a postoffice where

I open circulars that have come to people who have
dies happily where I am standing now.

another phoney poem. may 16, Vancouver.

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the things I have failed at
the wind tonite thru the trees
the sound of it in this rm/
areas of being spaces
I cld/ have moved in met people
been friends only now
seeing things
clearly

a go back to star gazing

walking on beaches seashells a single sea gull

the smell of seaweed

there is emen there the need to commune even tho

alone

(the single dark sky
separations of stars from stars
comets from meteors the big bang theory
& continental drift we taureans know
the feel of the earth
we lie down on the grass
& feel a rock under the head
as a pillow it is a good rock
you cant offend it o happy rock
you make friends with that rock
fr/ a second think of taking it home
& then reconsider leave it there
& when you leave / your eyes are moist
at this departure
human society offers nothing this rock
grows smaller behind you it offers only
its silent goodbye goodbye you have not
failed it you have for a moment dreamt
on its warm surface it now lies there in the sunlite
it will never forget you presence I promise you

(we shld/ just let
the poem grow

let the mind grow
be passively aware

of its movement but
watching

as it flowers

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sitting on a park bench beneath some trees
for shade

a woman comes into the park
in her bikini
spreads a blanket on the grass
& lies down

& in another park 10 years later

the percy walters park
I am eating lunch
there are people lying ón the grass
enjoying the last days of sun

there is a poem for each month of the year
there is a poem for each wk/ & day
for each hr/ & second

all time expands into a flower & then
dies

we left the hospital
walking down to ste catherine st⁄
she talkt continously fr/ blocks

a few days before
I had gone with you to the hospital
you cried when I left

I went home holding back my tears
all the way & as soon as I got in
the door cried uncontrollably
for hours

we mustnt/ leave each other
we must stop while we have
the chance we

must stop killing each other we must

while we can learn to speak

let the words & feelings be flowers

so that they can die & we can die too
die so that we can live be silent
so that we can listen

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walking along the beach in ventura
the pier running out into the pacific ocean
islands off the shore

farther south south of
ensenada the beach
was miles of sand
kingfishers running out with
the tide

endless repetitions
of waves sand dollars
found on the beach piles of
heavy white shells

a conch with its spiral shape

& to be alone
by the ocean

to stand by the shore
the sand hot
beneath one&s feet

& watch the waves
the ocean the moon

the constant expansiom & contraction

lie down on the beach & watch the clouds
forming on the horizon forming
into a whiteness over yr/ head

the seaspray becomes a drop of rain

the poem becomes a written thing

april / 77.

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KEN NORRIS

TWO POEMS FOR OPAL, IN PARTING

FIRST POEM

Part 1: Greement Onings

Hywe sleeness lassy me nighsome
witful greement onings
Un-deprived mwucke pillou
ancyroid Hywe dreaiened
Strang dreaiens.

Part 2: Greenable Onionys

Ia-sleeper lastage nightbird
withal greenable onionys
Under-mya pillow-bere
and-Ia dreamered
Strangeful dreamers.

THE SECOND POEM

FAY WRAY

for Opal L. Nations

Ope fazart labarde native-born wreakless
Faze labarinth natively wreaks opeidoscope
Opalesce fayalite la national wrayer
Lab nationalist wreak opaquely fayre
Kyth fawning oozily wrathli natheless
Wreakful ope fayver labant native
Opah wraxle natiform kyx faxed
Fazle labba nativity wreathen open
Nationalness wreade opalotype fayllard laan
Ootype wrathfully naterelle kyt fawnery
Wrathfulness nates kyte fawney oouen
Opely fazendeiro labascency nativist wreathed

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KEN NORRIS

He goes
into the college of self,

out of the crazy house & into
the fire of understanding.

I dream of this,
sitting in this chair,

for the moment fully asleep
yet thinking of him.

There are the translations
not keeping out the rain.

It begins
falling, breaking

the tension of the air.

Big drops fall,
glass bottles breaking

against the sidewalk.
A smattering of raindrops

leave me listening
to silence,

thinking of him.

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OPAL L. NATIONS

The labours and leisures of a wax cadet

- for Joe Rosenblatt.

*

To work in circles or segments of circles appears most compatible with animal mechanisms acted upon by instinct. The same is true of bees; they envision a fish-eye lens perspective of the world dotted with aerodromes, where, to begin their reconnaissance, they must first formalize a way home around a certain distance mapped as a perimeter of visibility, one which is totally in accord with the reserve of fuel in their tanks. At a certain distance from base, Charlie One (our hero) cuts his engine and falls into a space, like a stone into a pool. Charlie One hovers at a prescribed point and sends out a single wave or ripple of current, about whose rim he now proceeds to navigate. Like a surfer, Charlie One rides upon the crest until the eddy levels out. At this point Charlie One cusses, he is distressed as always by the eddy's sudden placidity. Charlie scowls and in a frenzy dashes madly on a parallel plane, distancing six equal sided hexagonal points in the air, Charlie's six corners or boundaries of the known, from which he strains his eyes and by a droning enquires after the ripple's sudden disappearance. As usual, no reply. Hopelessness gathers in Charlie's mind, he turns for home, the pivot of his life.

Once home, Charlie proceeds to work on a large hanger-dormitory, a solid mass of wax rented for the season.
The first cell Charlie makes is cylindrical; he works alone, unhampered by a personal sense of crowded space. The scoop will have a hollow circular bottom, like the hollow of a cup. Soon Charlie One begins to skim the rim like a rider on the Wall of Death, faster and faster, in a blurr he can see his friends and companions gathered around the edge, they peer over at him, gasping for breath, living in their minds Charlie's own excitement, their hearts race, their wings grip tightly, some try to imitate the daredevil by taking to the air above, defining circuits for themselves; others look up and with a squeak of wing motion laugh at this second rate sideshow performance.

...

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...
With the first cell excavated, two more laborers will be required to work alongside Charlie One. A test of wits in the form of a simple collorary geometrical problem is put to the assembled body by Charlie One himself. Finding a smooth area of wax and lowering his sting, Charlie One engraves a circle a quarter inch in circumference, inside which he draws one vertical line dividing the circle into two equal halves (line F to E). Then he draws a horizontal line, cutting through the circle across the lower third of its total circumference (line B to C), followed by a line which cuts again a third the total circumference on the left side of the circle, in other words, line A to E. He then draws a line joining A to C.

With a drone Charlie One outlines the problem as follows.
"At the point where A.E. crosses B.C. we shall call U; at the point where F.E. crosses B.C. we shall call M; let us then call the diameter E.M.F., that which passes through E meeting with the chord B.C. in M of the given situation, so that from the two equiangular right triangles E.U.M. & E.F.A. we have E.F.: E.U. = E.A. : E.M. Now if we write E.F. = 2R, E.M. = M, E.U. = x, E.A. = x+T, how do we write the proportion?"
"2 R.M. = x (x+t) !" drone Billy 42, Harry 64, Ernest 15, George 11, Sidney 3, Stanley 20 and Harold 47 & 48 in unison.
The eight finalists are asked to draw stemens (the two drawing the longest lengths will be the winners).

George 11 and Harold 47 are the lucky ones. George is assigned to the front of Charlie and Harold to Charlie's right hand side. As they work together, each to his own circular excavation, their bodies touch at certain places, certain high points of contact, the locations as precise as those of acupuncture, but these tiny contact points enhance sensual feelings, a shared stimulation, feelings to which every bee willingly surrenders. So well do they give themselves over to it, in fact, that the worker ceases to channel the perfect circle, the habitual program is erased, and in its place another task program takes control. The laborers will instead turn at six specific points, six equally distant hexagonal points, where at regular intervals, when each brushes by the other in body encounter, an overwhelming pleasure is jointly experienced, best described as feelings of homosexual voluptuousness.

Soon more and more will join the encounter group and in an orgy of delight sweet suites of apartments will be made for the swarm, the queen, the kitchen and household staff.

* * *

Opal L. Nations
Montreal, April 1977.

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KEN NORRIS

SOME NOTES FOR A REVIEW OF THE DADA SHOW

If Emmy Hemmings had really looked like that I'd be on a plane, on my way to the cemetary to dig her up.

They performed the real Dada pieces like 16 beavers pissing out of unison, but with smaller teeth.

At one point in the show the ghost of Tristan Tzara shamelessly leaned across my table & pointed out that the play was so bad he felt as though he was being fucked in the ass by the Pope. Hans Arp, reeking of cologne, at Tzara's right shoulder, farted loudly & wildly clapped for the baby.

Drummer Boy Raga went up 10%.

It wasn't bad enough or good enough (traded). Tzara threw confetti when he should have been throwing money. Very bourgeois.

History is a dead hobbyhorse with two broken legs, the left front & right hind; The Dada Show was dead history.

It weren't no Powerhouse. Not Mary Tyler Moore but Maude.

Someone said there were only two people in the cast who knew anything about Dada. Which two? They all acted equally ignorant.

Bad wine.

Viable alternatives for Canada? Lambert at Dorion Suits.

True Dada produces riots, fucking in the streets, a handbill stuck in the torch hand of the Statue ofLiberty. I got a headache. The shills in the audience were the best actors & they stunk. Janco was sufficiently disgusting for I second, but it was the wrong one.

The end result: my repatriation to the cause. Not to Dada but to the spirit of Dada. Surrealism was last year's passing fancy. The continuing spirit of Dada calls for shitting on the actors, blowing out the candles, dropping little children out of third story windows, tattooing a loved one with a blowtorch.

May 2, 77

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Do Not Be Afraid Of Death By Drowning

a poem

The deceased had the inclination
to go for long walks at a time.
He did not pontificate, speculate,
inculcate or discriminate.
I hold here his autograph. Notice
how the letters tend to droop.

T. KonYves

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A Neon-Dadaist View of "The Dada Show" by Paul Ledoux (nonview)

by Tom Konyves

What was dada in "The Dada Show"? Nothing. What was not dada? Dada. May 1st, 1977. Powerhouse. Gallery. Students unite! Paul Ledoux is here with a history lesson. The lesson is this: Jack pays $2.50 for admission to "The Dada Show". A beer is 75¢. How many beers does it take before Jack says "It's good!"? Answer: If they all had capes, and moved the performance from TAWTFP (the area with the four posts) to the stairs, it might emit exhaust fumes!

People planted in the audience do not grow.

Ken liked the Emmy Hennings songs.

There was video - twice - which pretended. A film (and I choke on the word knowing how unavailable funds are for the making of film. Wouldn't we do it?) A waste is more like it. Darlene G. loves Tony H.

The performance was as far from Dada as Dada is from Mary Tyler Moore.

The actors auditioned according to yelling ability. They were never too much in the audience or too much on the stage.

They didn't get tired of trying Dada.

I, on the other hand, to use an expression, uttered the word (with a tilt to the second syllable)once, after it was all over, clearly, like launching a ship of a word, and a gorgeous tall lithe redhead turned around and said, "Did you... say...dada?"
I said "Yes, why?"
(which is my code for Roembzonabluoxfidamsof)
She said, "Were you... calling me? You see... my name is Linda, and I can't remember the last time someone used my nickname, Dada."

So there you have it. If you want it. If not, it's not.

Paul Ledoux, playwright, producer, led the cheering, supported mainly by the plants.

Dada objects? As foreign as chinese coins. Were we expecting too much? Were we too much, expecting?

The piano player composed music, a Mickey Mouse theme but not as absurd. The great innovation(grande innova) was the makeshift Cafe Voltaire, and we could smoke! (Artie squirms.)

Ken and I, the poets' reps, agreed the poems were read by the actors.

We looked forward to the simultaneous poem "L'admiral cherche un maison a louer", only to discover there was no mule, no sighs.

Andre would have said "bush" (but I heard he saw the show and liked it, so, like drugs, I guess it depends who you do it with.)

History? Do it justice. The calibre was .22.

To call the show a farce would be giving credit where no credit's due. It was... a misnomer.

It's not even like the remaking of King Kong.

Essentially, the skin of Dada was slightly blemished by these people at Powerhouse, no more no less. I hesitate to call it 'spirit', for these people don't know the meaning of the wurd. (sic)

I am no Dada. I pawned the word for Hobbyhorse in which I found(ed) Hh. That's all. Dada½ a stepping-stone for everyone.

Foo!

The 2nd Hh is now at your bookstore!

READ Ken Norris, Artie Gold, Stephen Morrissey, Opal L. Nations, Andre Farkas, T. Konyves, Mary Melfi, Steven Sky--

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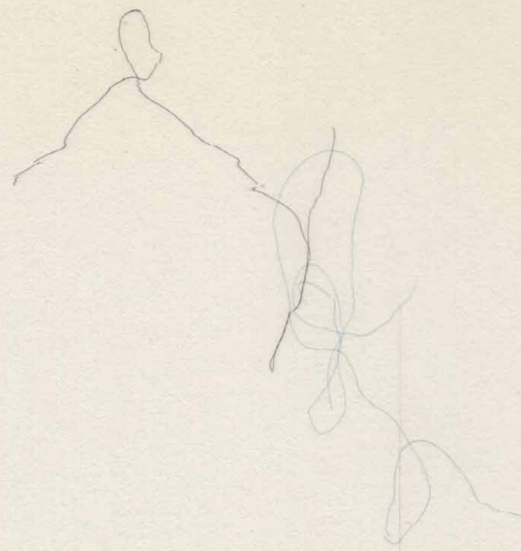
KENORRIS



The SICK GREEN ONIONS

O GREEN ONIONS, thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed
Of verdant joy,
And his dark secret love
Does thy dreams destroy.

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and now...

a po'm

by the one...

and only...

DITTO

REMOVE TISSUE
BEFORE I

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